

Administrator of W. H. Vance



# LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, . . . Always in advance.  
Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
Courier Publishing Company, . . . Owners  
HOVERMALE & SON, . . . Publishers  
L. T. HOVERMALE, . . . Editor and Manager  
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE, . . . Local news Editor  
Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7 1/2 cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, 1 cent a word.  
Foreign Advertising Representative, The American Press Association.

Gone from this life  
Is Abner Breck;  
He asked his wife  
To shave his neck.

Detachable eyelashes are said to be coming in style. Something else to mislay.

The "Old Guard" knew how to get Senator Kenyon appointed him U. S. Circuit Judge.

If you haven't written to your Representative to ask him to vote for the road bond issue, do so at once.

The spirit of good roads is here. The recognition of the value of good roads has dawned upon the people and they are not going to be content until their desire is realized. An awakened knowledge of the benefits of good roads has carried with it the willingness to pay for them. Transportation is recognized to be the big problem in our business lives, and it is only by good highways that this problem can be solved and the markets be brought near enough to make our farming profitable.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE COUNTRY PRESS.

It was demonstrated at the last November election that the biggest influence in Kentucky is the country newspaper. At that election there was submitted to the people for their approval or disapproval two constitutional amendments. Without going into the merits or demerits of the amendments now, it is a fact that every daily newspaper in the State warmly supported both of the amendments and devoted much space and time to their cause. On the other hand, almost every weekly newspaper in the State opposed them. They were defeated by more than 50,000 majority. This is conclusive evidence that the country weekly is read and believed in and has more influence than the daily.

National advertisers are realizing that the country newspaper is in closer touch with the people than any other class of publication, and are increasing their space in them. The country newspaper is coming into its own.

## WHY WEST LIBERTY SHOULD HAVE THE SCHOOL.

The location of the Northeast Kentucky Normal School will be decided, doubtless, on the question of the greatest advantage to the greatest number of people in the mountains.

Upon that theory West Liberty is entitled to it. Morgan county is located in the center of the group of northeast mountain counties.

It is easily accessible to more mountain counties than any other county in the group.

Morgan county has the best citizenship of any county in the mountains, no foreign or negro population.

It is a good agricultural county and has progressive, up-to-date farmers who produce a surplus.

West Liberty will furnish a big, 20-acre, ideally located campus, with fine, natural drainage.

Morgan county will respond with a liberal money contribution if needed.

The school spirit in Morgan county is better than in most mountain counties.

The clean moral atmosphere of Morgan county and West Liberty is a big factor in our favor. No temptations to demoralize the school. No public works with their inevitable, undesirable following, no foreign element, no negroes.

West Liberty will have four inter-county seat roads when the State program is finished.

## ARE THEY PLAYING POLITICS?

When the bill authorizing the submission of a bond issue of \$50,000,000.00 was reported unfavorably, and was read into the calendar over report of the committee, it looked as though the Democrats of the House were playing politics instead of representing their constituents. The Republicans voted almost solidly for it, but enough Democrats voted against it to indicate a concerted plan to defeat it.

It is inconceivable that the mountain representatives would let the question of party politics cause them to keep the question of a bond issue for roads from being submitted to the people, yet in no other way can their vote be accounted for. But the prompt action of the people will doubtless cause those who voted against it to get in touch with their constituents before the final vote is had in the matter. Let us hope so, anyway.

The Democrats of Morgan county have sent delegations, written letters, circulated and sent petitions demanding that our Representative, Mr. May, change his vote and vote to submit the question to the people, and so strong is the sentiment that he can hardly ignore it.

Even the most partisan Democrats of Morgan county condemn purely obstructionist methods, and there is a growing indignation against our Representative for voting to keep the people from choosing.

Mr. May can square himself with his constituents by supporting the measure, for the people can understand that a new member might be guided by party leaders and make a mistake, but now that he knows the sentiment of his people he will commit political suicide if he persists in the face of public opinion.

The Courier is Democratic, but it is not so party-bound as to condone party acts that are disastrous to the common good, and it will protest against the party assuming the attitude of obstructionist.

# The Girl a Horse and a Dog

FRANCIS LYNDEN

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds the shape of the estate, valued at something like \$100,000, lies in a "safe repository," and that is all. It may be identified by the presence of a brown-haired, blue-eyed, and a black and white dog, and a dog with a white face, half black and half white, Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a blooded mare.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest. While, his idea finally centers on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton promises him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville in the West.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Placerville, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. He follows the train to the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Angela was originally "Placerville," his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Furrowed, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and "THE DOG." After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, brother of the mine owner, and his daughter, Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he goes up, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, to whom he is attracted. Interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram at the mine started, but were water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits him, and Broughton draws it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to kiss her. After a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt Bullerton, cracks the pumping machinery, and decides to have it out with him next day.

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared. Apparently alone, he discovers that his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

CHAPTER XII.—They find Jeanie's car, abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the cabin, Bullerton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

CHAPTER XIII.—Believing Jeanie to have gone with Bullerton, Broughton and Hiram set out to find her. Broughton, knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie, orders him off his property, and he departs vowing vengeance. Satisfied Bullerton means mischief, Broughton and Hiram fortify themselves in the mine shafthouse and prepare for a siege. Bullerton comes with a crowd of desperadoes and on their refusal to vacate, begins an attack.

CHAPTER XIV.—During the day and night the two successfully defend the shafthouse against attack, including an attempt to drown them out.

CHAPTER XV.—Already ready to give up, Broughton is heartened by Hiram's assertion that the sounds of the firing must have reached Jeanie, and an investigating party will soon appear.

His surroundings during the noisy interlude.

"Great Jehu!" exclaimed the old man—though he was within arm's reach. It could make him out only as a dim shadow—"Great Jehu! I believe I'm goin' blind, Stannie! I—I can't see nothin' a-tall!"

"Don't worry," I hastened to say; "I'm in the same boat. We've been looking too long and steadily through those sugar-holes. I'll pass in a minute."

But it didn't pass and presently the voice of my old side partner came again out of the darkness.

"Praps it's cloudin' up some," he suggested in a half-whisper. "I can't see no stars through my windows."

At this I looked toward the window openings, but the interior blackness had blotted them out completely. Almost instinctively I turned back to the door and put an eye to a loophole. One glance was enough. The trouble, whatever it might be, was with us and not with the sky. The stars were shining as brightly as ever.

"Don't move, Daddy," I cautioned, and then groped my way along the wall and climbed to the top of our earthen breastwork at a point which I guessed to be under the nearest of the two windows.

When I drew myself up and tried to thrust a hand through the opening the mysterious darkness was explained. The window embrasures were stopped up, both of them, on the outside by something that felt like a heavy canvas curtain, though how the curtain was held in place I could not determine. But it was firmly braced in some way. With all the purchase I could get—which wasn't much—I couldn't dislodge it or push it aside.

Making my way back to the door I told Daddy what I had found.

"Huh!" he said; "that old tarpaulin that was out yonder in the ore shaft. How d'ye reckon they got it there, Stannie?"

"It's hoisted on a framework of some kind, and they did it while we were rubbering and trying to find out what all that noise was about."

We were not kept very long in doubt as to what the next enemy move was to be. With the cessation of the ton-ton clatter the collie had grown curiously restless. We couldn't see him, but we could hear him running from post to pillar, sniffing at the cracks and occasionally giving a whining growl. Presently he began to cough and sneeze; then he came racing back to us, flattening himself to hold his nose to the crack under the door and taking long breaths as if he were half stifled. I stooped to pat him and immediately imagined I was smelling burning sulphur matches.

"Get down here, Daddy, and smell this dog!" I whispered. "Is it old-fashioned matches, or what?"

One sniff was all that the old man needed.

"Gosh-to-gee-whis—brimstone!" he choked; "them devils are smokin' us out! That's why they stopped up them window holes; so we couldn't get any air!"

There appeared to be little enough time for any defensive move. The exhilarating gas was coming stronger every moment, and any search for its source seemed utterly hopeless. Yet we went at it, coughing and choking, and stumbling over everything in the darkness, as a matter of course.

After all it was Barney who (I remember him with the human pronoun because he certainly deserved it) it was Barney who showed us the devil's doorway. The red glow was now sending enough light through cracks and crevices and the bullet ripples overhead to make our inner darkness a degree or so less than Stygian. Missing the dog for a moment at our common breathing hole, we saw him circling a particular spot in the floor and snuffing at it as if it were something alive.

At that we both remembered that the shafthouse floor was raised a foot or so from the rocky ledge on the down-mountain side, and that the space underneath was partly open. Daddy pointed to the circling dog.

"Barney's got it!" he panted. "They're run their chimney up under the floor!" Then: "Where in Sam Hill did you leave that ax?"

The ax was near at hand and I ran for it. Holding my breath I began to chop madly at the floor planking. By this time the air was so bad that it

was impossible to breathe it, and after a few blows I had to drop the ax and run to the breathing gap. Daddy took his cue instantly, snatching up the ax as I sang it down and hacking away as long as he could hold his breath.

When he was forced to make a bolt for the life-saving hole in the door, I ran in again; thus got a couple of the floor planks loose and pried them out.

In the space beneath the open cracked floor we found Bullerton's chimney end; an old discarded boiler flue, it seemed to be, leading up from the bench below. From unearthing the deadly thing to muzzling it with one of our wet blankets was the breathless work of only a minute or two; and with the gas-main thus shut off, the air in the shafthouse soon became bearable again, the hole we had chipped through the floor serving as a ventilator through which the cool, crisp night air came rushing in a revivifying blast.

Our first care, after a prolonged silence led us to believe that the raiders had withdrawn to study up some fresh scheme for getting rid of us, was to get a bar and pry our two doors open so that the breeze might blow through and air the place out a bit.

Closing and barring the doors after the sulphur stench had been reduced to a mere match-box odor, we established our night-watch. Daddy Hiram taking the first trick under a solemn promise to call me at the end of a couple of hours. This time he behaved better, rousing me a little before midnight. He reported everything quiet, and pointed to the sleeping dog as evidence that there were no intruders within snuffing distance.

"Been that way ever since you turned in," he said, meaning, as I took it, that the dog had been resting easy. "You can just keep an eye on Barney. If anything goes to stirrin', he'll know it afore you will."

Nothing did stir; and after Daddy had gone to wrap himself in his damp blankets, I had my work cut out for me keeping awake; in fact, I shouldn't want to swear that I was fully awake during all of the one hundred and twenty minutes that my sentry-ship lasted. No matter about that. Bullerton didn't spring any more surprises on me during my watch; and when I turned the fortress over to Daddy at two o'clock I was able to pass the "all quiet" report back to him and go to the blankets with an easy conscience.

I had just dropped asleep, as it seemed to me—though in reality I had slept like a log for more than two hours—when Daddy Hiram came to shake me awake.

"Comethin' done," he announced

quietly, and when I sat up I saw that the collie was moving uneasily from one door to the other, stopping now and then to stand motionless with his ears cocked and his head on one side.

"Barney hears somethin'," I ventured; and a moment later Daddy broke in:

"Huh! It's plain enough for my old ears, now; it's a wagon comin' across the bench."

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rack-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and common-place reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?"

He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a plenty good and able to speak for himself," yapped Daddy. "You do your darndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've got gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gatling?"

"The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shafthouse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Tit for Tat.

That word "thunderbolt" is hardly a figure of speech. The thing that hit us couldn't be compared to anything milder than thunder and lightning. There was a flash, a rending, ripping roar as if the solid earth were splitting in two, and the air was filled with flying fragments and splinters. Air, I say, but the acid, choking gas which sped the shafthouse could scarcely be called air.

"Dynamite—that's what they foisted in that wagon!" gurgled the old man at my side, and I could have shouted for joy at the mere sound of his voice, since it was an assurance that he hadn't been killed outright.

"It's only a question of a little time, now, Daddy," I prophesied. "What you said yesterday—that Bullerton would try to get possession without destroying the property—no longer holds good. He has evidently decided that we've got to be ousted, even at the expense of building a new shafthouse and installing new machinery. Why has he changed his mind, when he knows that he could starve us out in a few days?"

"I been thinkin' about that, right rightly, Stannie. Shouldn't wonder if somethin' in the wind—somethin' we don't know about."

"Then there's another thing," I put in. "Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that our first guess was right; that he did take Jeanie to Angels three days ago and that they were married there. You know your daughter, Daddy, and I know her, a little. Nobody but an idiot would suppose that she'd live with Bullerton as his wife for a single minute if he makes himself her murderer."

"It sure does look like away to a man up a tree," admitted the stout old fighter.

"I'm hanging on to the little hope like a dog to a root, Daddy," I confessed. "If I can only keep on believing that they're not married, I can put up a better fight, or be snuffed out if I have to be—with a good few less heart-burnings."

But at this the old man, who, no longer ago than the yesterday, had seemed to lean definitely toward the non-marriage hypothesis, suddenly changed front.

"Don't you go to bankin' on anything like that, Stannie, son," he said in a tone of deep discouragement. "Charley Bullerton's a liar, from the place where they make liars for a livin', and 'tain't goin' to be no trick a-sayin' for him to make Jeanie, and a lot o' other folks, believe that we blowed ourselves up with our own dynamite. No, sir; don't you go to bankin' on that."

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?"

"Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dogmatically. "Look at it for yourself, son: she's been gone three whole days. If she hadn't gone with him—and she good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been lettin' the 'wish it was' run away with the 'had to be.' I reckon we just got to grit our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

(The next instalment of this de-

scribing and absorbing story—"The Girl a Horse and a Dog," will appear in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber, get your name on our list and get the whole story.)

"Comethin' done," he announced

quietly, and when I sat up I saw that the collie was moving uneasily from one door to the other, stopping now and then to stand motionless with his ears cocked and his head on one side.

"Barney hears somethin'," I ventured; and a moment later Daddy broke in:

"Huh! It's plain enough for my old ears, now; it's a wagon comin' across the bench."

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rack-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and common-place reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?"

He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a plenty good and able to speak for himself," yapped Daddy. "You do your darndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've got gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gatling?"

"The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shafthouse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Tit for Tat.

That word "thunderbolt" is hardly a figure of speech. The thing that hit us couldn't be compared to anything milder than thunder and lightning. There was a flash, a rending, ripping roar as if the solid earth were splitting in two, and the air was filled with flying fragments and splinters. Air, I say, but the acid, choking gas which sped the shafthouse could scarcely be called air.

"Dynamite—that's what they foisted in that wagon!" gurgled the old man at my side, and I could have shouted for joy at the mere sound of his voice, since it was an assurance that he hadn't been killed outright.

"It's only a question of a little time, now, Daddy," I prophesied. "What you said yesterday—that Bullerton would try to get possession without destroying the property—no longer holds good. He has evidently decided that we've got to be ousted, even at the expense of building a new shafthouse and installing new machinery. Why has he changed his mind, when he knows that he could starve us out in a few days?"

"I been thinkin' about that, right rightly, Stannie. Shouldn't wonder if somethin' in the wind—somethin' we don't know about."

"Then there's another thing," I put in. "Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that our first guess was right; that he did take Jeanie to Angels three days ago and that they were married there. You know your daughter, Daddy, and I know her, a little. Nobody but an idiot would suppose that she'd live with Bullerton as his wife for a single minute if he makes himself her murderer."

"It sure does look like away to a man up a tree," admitted the stout old fighter.

"I'm hanging on to the little hope like a dog to a root, Daddy," I confessed. "If I can only keep on believing that they're not married, I can put up a better fight, or be snuffed out if I have to be—with a good few less heart-burnings."

But at this the old man, who, no longer ago than the yesterday, had seemed to lean definitely toward the non-marriage hypothesis, suddenly changed front.

"Don't you go to bankin' on anything like that, Stannie, son," he said in a tone of deep discouragement. "Charley Bullerton's a liar, from the place where they make liars for a livin', and 'tain't goin' to be no trick a-sayin' for him to make Jeanie, and a lot o' other folks, believe that we blowed ourselves up with our own dynamite. No, sir; don't you go to bankin' on that."

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?"

"Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dogmatically. "Look at it for yourself, son: she's been gone three whole days. If she hadn't gone with him—and she good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been lettin' the 'wish it was' run away with the 'had to be.' I reckon we just got to grit our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

(The next instalment of this de-

scribing and absorbing story—"The Girl a Horse and a Dog," will appear in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber, get your name on our list and get the whole story.)

"Comethin' done," he announced

quietly, and when I sat up I saw that the collie was moving uneasily from one door to the other, stopping now and then to stand motionless with his ears cocked and his head on one side.

"Barney hears somethin'," I ventured; and a moment later Daddy broke in:

"Huh! It's plain enough for my old ears, now; it's a wagon comin' across the bench."

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rack-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and common-place reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?"

He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a plenty good and able to speak for himself," yapped Daddy. "You do your darndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've got gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gatling?"



# FINANCIAL STATEMENT of MORGAN COUNTY YEAR 1919.

(Continued from last week.)

## REGULAR OCTOBER TERM FISCAL COURT

Adams, T. H. — Judge August primary  
Ayer, J. B. — Judge August primary  
Baker, D. B. — Judge August primary  
Allen, Bernard — bridge lumber  
Arnett & Prater — lunacy inquest  
Adkins, Lonnie — work on road  
Arnett, C. D. — right of way for road  
Barker, J. D. — Judge August primary 1919  
Benton, P. M. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Blevins, E. C. — Judge August primary 1919  
Bolin, H. C. — Judge August primary 1919  
Bradley, J. E. — Clerk August primary 1919  
Burton, C. C. — merchandise  
Brown, Boyd — work on road  
Blair, W. G. & Co. — account  
Blair, W. G. & Co. — school books  
Bentley, W. E. — conveying Keeton to jail  
Bolin, R. B. — guarding jail  
Blanton, George — guarding jail  
Back, H. W. — guarding Claude Lykins  
Bradley, J. E. — lumber  
Bays, E. G. — work on court house  
Bradley-Gilbert & Co. — account  
Buckner, Amos — work on road  
Buckner, Loy — work on road  
Buckner, Jesse — work on road  
Blanton, George — work on road  
Blair, W. G. — election commissioner  
Buckner, Loy — work on road  
Bowles, K. J. — in full salary 1919 farm agent  
Caskey, Tann Henry — work on pump  
Caskey, W. A. — clerk August primary 1919  
Couch, A. J. — Judge August primary 1919  
Carr, J. R. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Cox, G. C. — Judge August primary 1919  
Coldiron, W. M. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Coffee, O. B. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Coffee, I. F. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Cox, G. B. — Judge August primary 1919  
Caskey, J. N. — Making culvert  
Childers, W. K. — trip to Wrigley etc.  
Carter, J. S. — hauling guards etc.  
Cantrell, R. L. — burial truck Cantrell  
Cantrell, R. L. — burial Mld Wright  
Cottle, H. G. — guarding jail  
Cottle, J. M. — guarding jail  
Cole, Dick — guarding jail  
Caskey, Less — guarding jail  
Carmell, H. P. — guarding jail and transferring prisoners  
Carter, Will — transferring Claude Lykins  
Caskey, Homer — work on road  
Caskey, R. L. — work on road  
Caskey, T. H. — trip to Wrigley  
Cole, Dick — three days work at poor house  
Cottle, John M. — house for two elections  
Cottle, J. H. — bridge lumber  
Cottle, John Harlan — making bridge  
Cox, Jane and Florence — right of way for road  
Cox, H. L. — Clerk August primary 1919  
Cox, A. J. — hauling etc.  
Davis, Harlan — making bridge sills  
Day, E. W. — trip to Louisville for truck  
Day, Ed — work on county well  
Domestic Engine & Pump Co. — gas attachment  
Dooin, George — work on road  
Day, Ed — two days fiscal court  
Day, E. W. — two days fiscal court  
Davis, Tom — two days fiscal court  
Elam, Markford — clerk August primary 1919  
Elam, W. W. — Judge August primary 1919  
Elam, Kell — Judge August primary 1919  
Elam, Lefe — sheriff August primary 1919  
Easterling, T. H. — Judge August primary  
Franklin, Zeus — clerk August primary 1919  
Fannin, A. B. — lumber  
Freeman, Sherman — team on road  
Gross, Alice — right of way for road  
Gevodon, J. F. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Gilliam, Jesse — work on road  
Gulf Refining Co. — gasoline  
Holbrook, M. F. — clerk August primary 1919  
Haney, D. M. — Judge August primary 1919  
Howard, J. B. — clerk August primary 1919  
Howard, B. C. — clerk August primary 1919  
Holbrook, E. A. — Judge August primary 1919  
Holbrook, Isom — sheriff August primary 1919  
Haney, G. W. — Judge August primary 1919  
Higgins, Troy — clerk August primary 1919  
Henry, W. M. — clerk August primary 1919  
Haney, Troy — hauling a road  
Haney, J. D. — hauling culvert pipes  
Higgins, Troy — team on road 1918  
Henry, C. F. — guarding and conveying Claude Lykins  
Henry, C. P. — machine hie etc.  
Henry, C. P. — house for cement  
Henry, C. P. — fee bill  
Hayes, Jarvey — work on road  
Hay, Willie — work on road  
Henry, C. P. — election commissioner  
Heaton, J. M. — guarding jail  
Henry, C. P. — paid for freight  
Henry, H. B. — merchandise  
Isom, R. H. — Judge August primary 1919  
Johnson, T. H. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Johnson, James — sheriff August primary 1919  
Johnston, B. & Son — lumber  
Keeton, W. M. — work on road  
Keeton, J. T. — work on road  
Kilgore, Jesse — clerk August primary 1919  
Kentucky Children's Home Society — appropriation  
Lewis, W. L. — Judge August primary 1919  
Lewis, James F. — Judge August primary 1919  
Lewis, John H. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Lacy, H. H. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Lacy, H. H. — freight on culverts  
Lacy, H. H. — freight on culverts  
Lenox Saw Mill Co. — lumber  
Lacy, Curt — wood etc.  
Licking Valley Court — election supplies  
Lacy, Curt — guarding jail  
Lykins, Tom — guarding jail  
Lewis, Grant — timber for fill  
Lewis, J. H. — account  
Lewis, J. H. — two days fiscal court  
Lykins, J. F. — two days fiscal court  
Lawson, J. S. — election commissioner  
Lawson, J. S. — shop work  
Lester, James — Judge August primary 1919  
Lewis, Green — bridge lumber  
Licking Valley Court — in full printing 1919  
Murphy, Carl — Judge August primary 1919  
McClure, James H. — Judge August primary 1919  
McKenzie, John — team 1 1/2 days  
McGraw, T. N. — blasting on road  
McKenzie, Bill — guarding jail  
McKenzie, J. C. — guarding jail  
McKenzie, Bruce — guarding jail  
McQuire, Paschal — guarding Claude Lykins  
Manker, W. H. — account  
Morgan Telephone Co. — for batteries  
McKenzie, Clay — work on road  
Morgan Telephone Co. — phone rent to November 1, 1919

Motley, R. L. — two days fiscal court  
McKenzie, J. A. — poor house claim  
Murphy, Harlan — right of way for road  
Nickell, H. H. — clerk August primary 1921  
Nickell, O. B. — clerk August primary 1919  
Nickell, O. B. — powder, nails, etc.  
Nickell, A. M. — guarding jail  
Nickell, Ren F. — fee bill  
Nickell, R. K. — clerk August primary 1919  
Nickell, H. V. — first six months secretary Board of Health  
Oakley, W. G. — Judge August primary 1919  
Oakley, R. M. — account  
Oney, J. P. — account  
Phillips, G. W. — Judge August primary 1919  
Prater, J. W. — Judge August primary 1919  
Perry, H. G. — team 1 1/2 days  
Pelfrey, J. W. — merchandise  
Roberson, J. W. — guarding jail  
Potter, G. W. — making bridge  
Pelfrey, Irvine — work on road etc.  
Rose, H. C. — lunacy inquest  
Roberts, H. L. — work on court house  
Roberts, H. L. — guarding jail  
Roseberry, R. A. — work on road  
Roberson, J. W. — work on road  
Shockey, J. H. — Judge August primary 1919  
Stinson, J. H. — Judge August primary 1919  
Stacy, C. C. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Stricklin, J. H. — Judge August primary 1919  
Short, C. A. — sheriff August primary 1919  
Sherman, John — work on road  
Shotr, E. G. — right of way for road  
Sebastian, J. H. — labor and hauling  
Stamper, B. S. — lumber  
Falyer, Emma C. — stove poor house  
Swango, H. C. — guarding jail  
Swango, James — guarding jail  
Standard Printing Co. — account  
Standard Paint and Lead Works — paint  
Sebastian, J. H. — expense conveying Claude Lykins  
Swango, H. C. — account  
Stacy, G. W. — jailer, fee bill  
Stamper, Joe C. — account  
Spurlock, George — damage to land and farming  
Smith, Allie — bringing fyffe to poor house  
Jackett, C. H. — Judge August primary 1919  
Turner, J. C. — Judge August primary 1919  
The A. Turpentine Co. — paint  
Templeton, L. C. — two days fiscal court  
Vest, Shilo — Judge August primary 1919  
Vest, Henry — clerk August primary 1919  
Wells, Lynn B. — clerk August primary 1919  
Walters, J. F. — Judge August primary 1919  
Williams, John — sheriff August primary 1919  
Williams, A. J. — Judge August primary 1919  
Whitt, M. B. — clerk August primary 1919  
Wright, Alonzo — Judge August primary 1919  
Wells, Leonard — clerk August primary 1919  
Williams, W. W. — Judge August primary 1919  
Wells, M. N. — Judge August primary 1919  
Wrigley Mercantile Co. — merchandise  
Williams, R. C. — hauling culverts  
Whitt, Boyd — guarding jail  
Williams, Jesse — shop work, Caskey cliff  
Whitt, B. E. — for borons  
Wingo, A. L. — right of way for road  
A. F. BLEVINS FOR PAYROLL INDEX ROAD  
Blevins, A. F. — payroll to Nov. 1, 1919  
Blevins, A. F. — bridge work  
Blevins, A. F. — payroll index road  
Blevins, A. F. — bridge work  
Blevins, A. F. — payroll index road  
Blevins, A. F. — payroll index road  
Blevins, A. F. — payroll index road  
Blevins, A. F. — payroll index road  
Blevins, A. F. — engineer bridge work  
Blevins, A. F. — paymaster index road  
Blevins, A. F. — paymaster index road  
Blevins, A. F. — balance on bridge work  
OFFICERS SALARIES.  
Whitt, B. E. — salary to November 1, 1919  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary November 1919  
Rose, H. C. — salary to December 1, 1919  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to December 1, 1919  
Whitt, B. E. — salary to December 1, 1919  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary December  
Rose, H. C. — salary to January 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to January 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to January 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to January 1, 1920 live stock  
Whitt, B. E. — salary to December 1, 1919  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary December  
Rose, H. C. — salary to January 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to January 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to January 1, 1920 live stock  
Stacy, G. W. — in full 1919  
Whitt, B. E. — salary to January 1st 1920  
Rose, H. C. — salary to February 1, 1920, eng.  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to February 1, 1920, eng.  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to February 1, 1920 L. S. I.  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary to February 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to February 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to March 1, 1919 L. S. I.  
Whitt, B. E. — salary to March 1st 1920  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary to March 1, 1920  
Sebastian, J. H. — expense to Frankfort  
Prater, Chas. — expenses to Frankfort  
Rose, H. C. — salary to April 1st 1920  
Rose, H. C. — expenses before Tax Commission  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary to April 1, 1920  
Blevins, A. F. — salary as Engineer  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to April 1st 1920 L. S. I.  
G. W. Stacy, Jailer — salary to April 1, 1920  
Whitt, B. E. — salary to April 1, 1920  
Sebastian, J. H. — salary to May 1, 1920  
Gardner, W. M. — 1-2 salary for 1920.  
Rose, H. C. — salary to May 1, 1920  
SPECIAL DECEMBER 31, 1920.  
Davis, Tom — two days fiscal court  
Day, Ed — two days fiscal court  
Day, E. W. — two days fiscal court  
Lykins, J. F. — two days fiscal court  
Commercial Bank — interest and commission on loan  
Coelran, Edgar — account to December 1, 1919  
McKenzie, John A. — keeping county paupers  
Smallwood, Oliver — work on Caskey narrows 84 hours  
Perry, Newt — work on Caskey narrows 105 hours  
Roseberry, R. A. — work on Caskey narrows 275 hours  
Stacy, C. K. — right of way for road  
Gilliam, Jesse — work on Caskey narrows 25 hours  
Buckner, Lefe — work on Caskey narrows 75 hours  
Buckner, Jesse — work on Caskey narrows 40 hours  
Conley, Noah — work on Caskey narrows 115 hours  
Pelfrey, Irvine — work on Caskey narrows 421 hours  
Reinke-Wagoner Pump Co. — pump supplies  
Supply Co. — supplies for pump and engine  
Keeton, W. M. — work on Caskey narrows 60 hours  
Buckner, Amos — work on Caskey narrows 25 hours  
McKenzie, Clay — work on Caskey narrows 251 hours  
Spence, Henry — work on Caskey narrows 70 hours  
Spence, George — work on Caskey narrows 60 hours  
McKenzie, Bill — work on Caskey narrows 32 hours  
Blanton, G. W. — work on Caskey narrows 20 hours  
Wells, Joe Roe — fixing bridge Bellamy brand  
Adkins, Lony — work on Caskey narrows 157 hours  
Lewis, Green — bridge labor  
Lewis, L. B. — work on Caskey narrows 40 hours  
Bach, H. W. — expenses to Lexington, Mrs. McCracken  
Keeton, Steve — work on Caskey narrows 40 hours  
Domestic Engine and Pump Co. — repairs for engine  
Caskey, Harlan — work on Caskey narrows 70 hours  
Adkins, Orvil — work on Caskey narrows 30 hours  
Vaughn, Math — work on Caskey narrows 341 hours  
Caskey, R. L. — work on Caskey narrows

Caskey, Boyd — work on Caskey narrows  
Sela-tian, J. H. — for truck  
Johnson, Carl — work Long branch road 80 hours  
Johnson, Harlan — work Long branch road 190 hours  
Johnson, Andy — work Long branch road 100 hours  
Johnson, Bill — work Long branch road 190 hours  
Gambill, F. M. — work Long branch road 90 hours  
Adkins, Lony — work Caskey narrows 25 hours  
Whitt, Boyd — work Long branch road 80 hours  
Cantrell, R. L. — lumber for S. L. bridges  
McClain, Jas. M. — conveying Joe Rudd and wife  
Cottle, John M. — for Lee Gross children  
Pelfrey, Irvin — work on Caskey narrows 170 hours  
Coffee, J. W. — bridge lumber  
Vaughn, Math — work on Caskey narrows etc.  
Caskey, R. L. — work on Caskey narrows 40 hours  
Adkins, Lonnie — work on Caskey narrows  
Caskey, Harlan — work on Caskey narrows 25 hours  
Johnson, Bill — work on Long branch  
Conley, Noah — work on Caskey narrows 20 hours  
Henry, J. W. — work on bridge  
Landrum, Mattie L. — stenographer fee  
Landrum, Mattie L. — stenographer fee  
McKenzie, Bill — guarding jail  
Swango, J. K. — goods for Jim Ross  
Nickell, Ren F. — expenses to Frankfort  
Gulf Refining Co. — gasoline (duplicate)  
McKenzie, John A. — keeping paupers  
Sebastian, J. H. — expenses to Frankfort, State Aid  
Blevins, A. F. — expenses to Frankfort, State Aid  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to May 1, 1920, Eng.  
Blevins, A. F. — salary to May 1, 1920, L. S. I.

Total Claims Listed \$79,709.47

## FUND IN COUNTY TREASURY 1919.

Jan. 1, Balance \$739.96  
June 2, State warrant 7,336.99  
July 22, Eyer & Co. Note 20,000.00  
Sept. 13, C. P. Henry, Sheriff taxes 683.65  
Dec 22,500.00  
Total \$31,240.51

## Confine Chicks-Bar Destructive Animals

An effective, real poultry fence must be made like other fences, with line wires that can be stretched taut and stay wires that support.

## "Pittsburgh Perfect" Poultry, Chicken and Rabbit Fences

are real fences. The electrically welded joints make possible a neat, stiff, one-piece fabric, even with the lower line wires only one inch apart. Lower line wires are so close together as to confine the smallest chicks, and bar rabbits and other animals. Easily erected, economical, durable. A perfected fencing, every rod guaranteed. See us also for farm, garden and lawn fences.

For Sale by  
H. L. HENRY'S CASH STORE  
Index, Kentucky



## Hargis Commercial Bank & Trust Co. JACKSON, KY.

Capital and Surplus, \$110,000.00  
Total Assets, \$1,000,000.00

Pay 4% on Time Deposits. Solicits your business on the basis of the most liberal terms consistent with sound banking principles.

## IT'S TOO LATE TO GRIEVE

when you look at the embers of what was once your home. It may be tonight that the Fire Devil will wipe you out.

## PROTECT YOURSELF by taking out a policy with NICKELL & SPARKS

Keeton Building  
WEST LIBERTY, KY

They write you insurance that insures.

## SHOULD YOU DIE TONIGHT

Is your family protected against want? Provide for your family's future by carrying life insurance.

LET'S TALK IT OVER RIGHT NOW!

## COMMERCIAL BANK

West Liberty, Ky.

Capital and Surplus \$36,000.00  
Resources, over 400,000.00

## THE GROWING BANK.

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

Floyd Arnett, President. C. K. Stacy, Cashier.  
T. J. Elam, Vice President. Elsie Arnett, Asst. Cashier.

## Shoe Repair Shop

In Basement Carpenter's Store  
All Work Guaranteed

R. W. LYKINS

West Liberty, Ky.

## LAUNDRY AGENCY

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

or

LOUISVILLE

W. E. ADAMS, Agt.

The best work and prompt service.

Bring your laundry to the Barber Shop.

## DR. L. B. CARTER

A native born citizen of West Liberty, who has been practicing his profession for the last three years at Wrigley, has now located at

WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,

with an office on Main street, now offering his professional services to the people of the town and county.

Chronic Diseases and Minor Surgery a Specialty.

## UP-TO-DATE TREATMENT



## SUFFERING?

Most of the pain we suffer is unnecessary. Why continue to endure it—to sacrifice your youth, beauty, and enjoyment to it?

The combination of simple harmless medicines found in Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills is especially effective in relieving pain without bad after-effects.

For more than thirty-five years sufferers from headache, neuralgia, backache, toothache, sciatica and pains from other causes have found relief by taking these pills. Why don't you try them?

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

Ever Mathis J. H. Williams

MATHIS & WILLIAMS

Attorneys at Law.

West Liberty, Ky.

Practices in all Courts of the Common.

## FLOYD ARNETT

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office over Commercial Bank

West Liberty, Ky.

## SHOE MENDING

Bring your shoes to me for mending. All work guaranteed. Repair Rubber boots and shoes.

WALTER H. DAVIS.

Give me a trial.

## O. M. OAKLEY DENTIST

WEST LIBERTY, KY

Offices over Nickell Garage

All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

## O. F. HENRY

Pomp, Ky.

Representing

MENDALL WEINSTOCK HAT CO.

of Louisville, Ky.

"LIBERTY HATS ARE BEST."

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I take pleasure in recommending the Colt Lighting plant as entirely satisfactory in every particular and gladly recommend it to any prospective purchaser.

595-ft

J. C. MURPHY.

## Good Farm for Sale.

Good farm, two miles from West Liberty, 164 acres, two good dwelling houses, orchard, about 6 acres bottom and, hill land lays well. Will sell at a bargain if disposed of at once.

L. T. HOVERMALE,

West Liberty, Ky.

## FOR SALE—13 acres on Wells Hill.

1-2 mile from West Liberty. Good house, cellar, good water, outbuildings. Underlaid with 30 inch vein of coal. A bargain. Address

W. E. ADAMS,

West Liberty, Ky.



# Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The lowest prices on record are now on Ford cars. All prices are the same plus freight and delivery charges.

Chassis, \$285. Runabout, <sup>OLD</sup><sub>STYLE</sub> \$319  
Touring car, old style 348

With starter and demountable rims add \$90.  
With starter without demountable rims add \$65.

Fordson Tractor, f. o. b. Detroit, 395

We have five 1922 models on hand we can deliver any time. Also 2 tractors \$259 under old price.

**NICKELL MOTOR CO**

Authorized Ford Agents Morgan county, Ky

## LIGHT!

Cheapest and Best Home System

Why pay \$300 or more for a light plant when the Diamond costs only one-fourth? Burns kerosene or gasoline.

Let me show you.

J. J. JOHNSTON, Caney, Ky

## COLE HOTEL

The Home-like Hotel



Bath Rooms. Best Table Service. Heath-Promoting Mineral Water in Yard.  
Livery and Feed Stable in Connection.  
**J. HENRY COLE, Proprietor**  
Rates Reasonable

Call on or write

## A. F. WELLS

## REAL ESTATE

For Real Bargains in Well Improved  
Ohio Farms in All Sizes  
LOVELAND, OHIO

## MOTOR BUS LINE

WEST LIBERTY—INDEX

Meets all O. & K. trains. Excellent Passenger Service.  
Freight hauling carefully attended to.

**J. HENRY COLE, PROPRIETOR**

## Ohio & Kentucky Railway

EFFECTIVE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

SOUTH BOUND				NORTH BOUND			
19	17			16	18	14	20
Daily	Daily	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Daily	Sunday	Daily
P. M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.			A. M. Lv.	A. M. Lv.	P. M. Lv.	P. M. Lv.
1:35	7:00	.....	Licking River.....	6:50	1:20	1:20	
1:35	7:11	.....	Index.....	6:40	1:10	1:10	
1:51	7:19	.....	Malone.....	6:32	1:02	1:02	
1:55	7:23	.....	Wells.....	6:28	12:58	12:58	
2:10	7:35	.....	Caney.....	6:15	12:45	12:45	
2:15	7:40	.....	Cannel City.....	6:10	12:40	12:40	6:10
2:35	8:00	.....	Hetchawa.....		12:03		5:54
2:41	8:06	.....	Lee City.....		11:57		5:48
3:00	8:34	.....	Wilburst.....		11:29		5:20
3:15	8:40	.....	Vandevre.....		11:23		5:14
3:35	9:00	.....	O. & K. Junction.....		11:00		4:50
P. M. Lv. A. M. Lv.				A. W. Ar. P. M. Ar. P. M. Ar.			

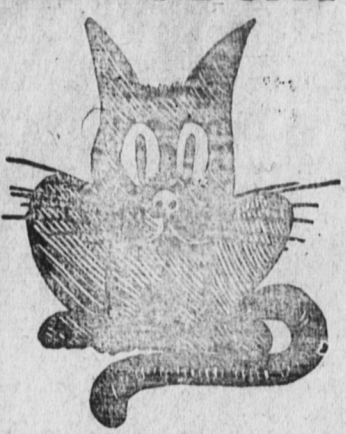
Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.

## MILLINERY

Will have in a complete line of millinery in about 10 days. Wait and see what I have to offer.

**MRS. J. H. SEBASTIAN.**

## OFFICE CAT



Modern Fables.

Fable: Once upon a time there was a citizen of a republic who didn't think he could handle matters better than the elected officials.—Baltimore Sun.

Fable: There was once a man who made an announcement that he intended to become a candidate for office who didn't claim he had been urged to run by his friends.—Portland Express.

Fable: Once there was a farmer who didn't think he could move to town and run a grocery store and get rich.—Cleveland News.

Fable: Once upon a time there was a man who had acquired the daily bath habit and didn't brag about it occasionally.—Hartford Times.

Fable: Once upon a time there was a man who did not enjoy the sound of his own voice.—New York Telegram.

Chas. Prater says it may be fine to leave footprints in the sands of time but you don't catch any married men leaving any on the front hall carpet.

Dr. A. P. Gullett says a real diplomat is a man who can persuade his wife that she looks just as well in cotton stockings as silk.

Mexican girls are said to be taking up the bobbed hair idea. We don't know much about the anatomy of a Mexican girl, but we do know that bobbed hair makes it a lot easier when a girl wants to use a fine comb.

You can't escape punishment is the opinion of Everett Mittels. "No sooner," he says, "do your parents stop spanking you than experience takes up the job."

**KISS-A-MISS**  
Once I kissed a little maid in a Morris chair,  
And I've missed a little kiss at the ball,  
But the sort of little kiss is sort of hit or miss  
Is the dearest little kiss of all.

**THE LOVE NEST**  
In the gloaming, O my darling,  
When the lights are burning low,  
You will find the modern maiden  
At the moving picture show.

West Liberty girls have very sensibly decided to place a ban on secret societies. Who ever heard of a girl keeping a secret?

No matter how bashful a young man may be, if the girl has set her heart on him he is going to hear the wedding bells. When it comes to finding a way love has nothing on a girl.

Speaking of holes, a Ford fell in the hole on Main street, yesterday, and had to be hauled out.

When you put on a grinch, remember it hurts you worse than those about you.

We don't know much. Hahn't supposed to. But we want to tell you that every woman loves flattery. In fact, the only person that loves flattery more

## WEAK, NERVOUS, ALL RUN-DOWN

Missouri Lady Suffered Until She Tried Cardui—Says "Result Was Surprising"—Got Along Fine, Became Normal and Healthy.

Springfield Mo.—"My back was so weak I could hardly stand up, and I would have heart-down pains and was not well at any time," says Mrs. D. V. Williams, wife of a well-known farmer on Route 6, this place. "I kept getting headaches and having to go to bed continuously Mrs. Williams described the troubles from which she obtained relief through the use of Cardui. 'My husband, having heard of Cardui, proposed getting it for me. I saw after taking some Cardui that I was improving. The result was surprising. I felt like a different person.'

"Later I suffered from weakness and weak back, and felt all run-down. I did not rest well at night. I was so nervous and cross. My husband said he would get me some Cardui, which he did. It strengthened me. I was a doctor said I got along fine. I was in good healthy condition. I cannot say too much for it."

Thousands of women have suffered as Mrs. Williams describes, until they found relief from the use of Cardui. Since it has helped so many, you should not hesitate to try Cardui if troubled with women's ailments. For sale every where.

than a woman is a man.

POEM

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was black as ink,  
It sat upon a pin cushion,  
Because it didn't think.

Dr. Burton says the average American may not know how to act in the presence of royalty, but he doesn't need any coaching when he holds four kings.

Undergoes Serious Operation.

Mrs. John Stamper underwent a serious operation, and her many friends will be well pleased to know she stood the operation fine and is getting along nicely. For about a year Mrs. Stamper has been suffering severe attacks, and her physicians decided she would get no relief until the operation was performed. It was found that her trouble was of a serious nature, but the operation proved most successful and it is believed that she will soon be on the road to recovery. She is well known and much loved and has the sincerest wishes of her many friends for the restoration of her health.—Jackson Times.

Mrs. Stamper was formerly Miss Fern Cottle, of West Liberty, and her many friends here will learn of her recovery with pleasure. She was one of the brightest and best liked girls and has many friends here who are anxious about her during her illness.

Notice to Legioners.

There will be a meeting of Crescent Post No. 68 of West Liberty, American Legion, on Saturday, Feb. 4, 1922, for the purpose of electing officers. All members of the Legion Post are requested to be present.

HARRY McCLAIN,  
Commander.

## MESSAGE TO TIRED, SICK FOLKS

Don't Drag Through Life Half Sick And Half Well. Take This Advice.

Go to your druggist and ask him for Gude's Pepto-Mangan and take it with your meals for a few weeks and see how your health improves.

If you are pale, tired, lack ambition and vigor, you know yourself that if you had plenty of red blood that you would not feel tired and half sick all the time. The only sure foundation of permanent health is good blood. Gude's Pepto-Mangan builds up your blood with a form of iron that gets into your system quickly. It is wonderful. You will like it and it will make you feel so well and strong. Life will be worth living again. Try it and you will thank us for telling you about it. Druggists Sell Gude's Pepto-Mangan in both liquid and tablet form.—Advertisement.

## The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he will not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up to date and not shop worn. : : :

**JOHN WHITE & CO.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Established in 1857  
Liberal assortment and Full Value paid for  
**Raw Furs**

### Our Hobby

Is Good Printing

Ask to see samples of our business cards, visiting cards, wedding and other invitations, pamphlets, folders, letter heads, statements, shipping tags, envelopes, etc., constantly carried in stock for your accommodation.

Get our figures on that printing you have been thinking of.

**New Type, Latest Style Faces**

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our belief that the tobacco used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



## Chesterfield

### CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"I like 'em"

"They Satisfy"

## GROCERIES & HARDWARE

We are putting in a complete line of Groceries of the best grade, all new and fresh. Everything you need.

We are selling at prices that will induce you to trade with us. Courteous treatment and a square deal.

We also carry a line of Hardware and will be glad to supply your needs in that line.

Call and see us in our new building and we will prove that we can save you money.

Watch our ads in this paper for the best bargains in town.

Respectfully,

**J. H. SEBASTIAN.**

Sebastian Building,  
Main Street,

## The Cash Store News.

H. L. HENRY, Editor-in-Chief

MOTTO—SERVICE

Subscription Free

VOL. 1

INDEX, KY., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1922.

No. 10

## LOW

## LOWER

## LOWEST

We have decided to cut our stock of goods in half. To do so we have gone through and slashed prices right and left in order move them quickly. Can't quote many prices for want of space. Kum and look.

GROCERY SPECIALS		RUGS		SHOES and RUBBERS.	
Granulated Sugar.....	\$0.07 1/2	9X12 straw rugs.....	\$3.98	Rubber boots for women, misses and children, one-fourth off regular prices.	
27 in. by 54 in.....	19.50	9X12 Highpile.....	19.50	Now is your chance. Lots of mud yet.	
Snow King Baking Powder.....	.08		1.98	Leather shoes? Yes at the right price, too.	
Bulk roast coffee.....	.18	DRY GOODS SPECIALS.			
Six pounds for.....	1.00	Wall Paper—the best in the land.			
Evaporated peaches.....	.18	Remnant sale of gingham, percales and prints, low down price.			

## THE CASH STORE

H. L. HENRY

## INDEX, KY

## Sheriff's Sale for Taxes

By virtue of the taxes due the State of Kentucky and the county of Morgan for the years below named, I will, on  
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1922,  
at the front door of the Court House in West Liberty, Ky., offer at public outcry, for cash, the following real estate to satisfy said taxes:

Name of owner.	Nearest resident.	Year	No. acres.	Valuation	Total Taxes	Penalty and cost.	Total
						Int.	and cost.
Elk Fork Coal Co.—mineral right.....		1921	5,000	\$30,000	\$300.40	\$46.80	\$5.81 \$472.69
Blair, L.—Sarah Weddington.....		1921	2	500	9.50	1.08	3.04 10.62
Keith, Glenn *—Tom Whit.....		1921	6	300	6.40	.70	2.88 10.04
Bussy By Products Co.—Redwine.....		1921	1	3000	39.00	4.68	4.84 48.52
Nickell, H. V. & Frank Bros.—Red Bush.....		1921	50	2000	26.00	3.12	4.50 33.18
Amys, J. B. & C. D. Arnett—Minesfork.....		1921	300	3000	39.00	4.68	4.84 48.52
Holliday, Elson.....		1921	50	500	6.50	.78	2.89 10.17
Ohio Cities Gas Co.—lease.....		1921	500	6.50	.78	2.89 10.17	
Sublett, D. D. heirs.....		1921	400	5.20	.42	2.71 8.33	
Bradley, J. T.—George Blanton.....		1921	30	380	4.85	.58	2.79 8.17
Colvin, J. H.....		1921	2	50	.65	.07	2.53 3.85
Conkey, Walter, &c—P. L. Bradley.....		1921	20	1100	14.80	1.71	2.35 19.36
Heed, Thomas—Ed Ross.....		1921	125	1825	23.75	2.84	3.90 30.49
Hewitt, F. M. et. al.—Charter Coal Co.....		1919	1000	4000	44.00	5.28	5.14 54.42
Hewitt, F. M. et. al.—Charter Coal Co.....		1920	1000	4000	52.00	6.24	5.62 63.86
Hewitt, F. M. et. al.—Charter Coal Co.....		1921	1000	4000	52.00	6.24	5.62 63.86

\* Poll tax of \$2.50 included

\* Poll tax of \$2.50 included

J. S. M. C.